

The Critic

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"Civilization in America." *

IT WILL BE four years next July since we had occasion to review a book called 'The Great Republic'—a series of papers by Sir Lepel Griffin, reprinted from *The Fortnightly Review* at the request of the editor of that magazine. The author had found the United States a very different sort of place from India, the country in which he had passed a great part of his life; and the difference did not altogether please him. The book recording his observations proved him to be an incompetent critic, whether of men, manners, art, architecture, or nature. He found the American people 'intrinsically disagreeable,' though possibly a little less so than the English, who are 'almost the most disagreeable race extant.' (We quote this judgment, not to protest against it, but merely to indicate the spirit in which the author wrote.) He alluded to the Mississippi as the longest river in the world, thought the St. Lawrence too big to be uniformly beautiful, and pronounced the Post Office with possibly one exception the finest building in New York; he took seriously *The Sun's* paragraphs about Mr. Childs of Philadelphia; he professed himself a victim of the O'Donovan Rossa scare; he put the number of Indians in the whole country at 'some 66,000 souls, the population of a second-rate town' (the actual number was about 245,000), and then moralized on the fact that, despite this inferiority in numerical strength, 'a long series of Indian outrages and reprisals have and are taking place'; he described Central Park (a comparatively small and very highly cultivated and ornamented city park) as a 'magnificent expanse of wilderness'; he likened the presence of a few harmless millionaires in their boxes at the Metropolitan Opera House to 'the scene of anguish surveyed by Satan when, in Milton's song, he rose from the fiery marl and addressed his peers'; finally, he suspected the Negro of being the only happy man in America, his happiness resulting from his ignorance of his miserable state. He found a few things to praise and many to blame; but equally in blessing and in banning, he showed himself to be a very superficial observer, who, having unwisely yielded to the temptation to write a book, had fallen into the error of generalizing hastily from inaccurate data. He thought the United States the least civilized of all reputedly civilized nations except Russia, and wrote his book to warn Englishmen against those of our political methods which struck him as 'thoroughly bad and corrupt.'

Sir Lepel Griffin was unknown to the American people when he wrote 'The Great Republic.' Those who had heard of him at all, knew only that he was an English official in India, distinguished in his profession, who had been admitted to the Order of the Star of India. He is still practically unknown here; for his book was laughed at for a while, and then forgotten. It would probably never have been thought of again, if Mr. Matthew Arnold had not taken one of its statements—the assertion that the United States

is an intolerable land to live in—as the text of a lay-sermon on 'Civilization in America.' His article so entitled (copious extracts from which were made in these columns last week) appears in *The Nineteenth Century* for April. It will do as much to help the reputation of Sir Lepel Griffin as it will to injure Mr. Arnold's. Or if this should seem too severe on the latter gentleman, let us say that if the article does not positively damage his reputation as a critic, it has at least a tendency to diminish his influence with American readers. It treats a great question with less of breadth, and in a temper less philosophical, than we should expect Mr. Arnold to bring to the discussion of a subject so important, and on which he should by this time be fairly competent to speak. Like Macaulay's paper on Barère, which the brilliant essayist knew enough never to reprint, it is spoiled by being 'shade unrelieved by a gleam of light.' He admits that in solving our political problems, we have shown a capacity to 'see clear and think straight' which the English may envy us; but, in spite of our excellent political system, in spite of our marvellous progress and prosperity in material things, in spite of all we have done to assure the physical comfort and well-being of the great mass of our population, we are still almost hopelessly deficient in everything that tends to gratify the higher needs of men who live not by bread alone. This is the burden of Mr. Arnold's latest deliverance; and while the truth and justice of very much that he urges in support of the proposition is undeniable, there is a tone, if not of flippancy, yet of superficiality, about the whole paper, which causes the distinguished critic's admirers to regret that he has not adhered to his original resolve, and refrained from writing about the unpleasant features of American civilization till he was ninety-nine. Some travellers, however, would lack the power of discreet generalization even at that ripe age. Sir Lepel Griffin is one of them. We should be sorry to think that Mr. Arnold is another.

Our distinguished critic writes, we are sure, without any intention to wound the feelings of his American readers; yet the tone of his remarks is calculated to offend. For this reason there is little likelihood that his essay will do the good it might be expected to do. It seems to have been written with a view to its literary effect, rather than to its practical effect on the author's 'kin beyond the sea.' To say to a people who have not utterly neglected the things of the spirit, 'You have no elevating religion, no art, no architecture, no literature, nothing beautiful, nothing of distinction—in a word, nothing to interest a cultivated man,'—this is not to stimulate endeavor, but to paralyze it. Mr. Arnold may say that his call is not to save sinners, but to condemn them. But a judge should of all men be surest of his 'call,' and of his qualifications; and with an acute sense of America's shortcomings at many of the points upon which her critic has laid his finger, we still hold that the reflection his mirror throws back to us errs in drawing and is false in color. The criticism is pessimistic, and it is the nature of pessimistic criticism to blight where it should inspire.

No wonder that native critics are slow to follow Mr. Arnold's course, and sweepingly condemn our 'civilization.' The critic's true function, we take it, is to 'allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way.' Mr. Emerson can not be said to have shrunk from pointing out defects in American manners and American morals; and the secret of his influence is that he himself hoped for improvement, and bade his hearers also be of good cheer. Mr. Lowell never hesitates to apply the lash—or the lancet; but his good will is beyond question. His criticisms are leavened with humor. There is 'sweetness' in them, as well as 'light.' Our hope is in such critics as these. 'I am holier than thou' is not the undercurrent of their thoughts, but rather 'Let us all strive together, and more strenuously, for the beautiful and the true.'

We have not gone into details in considering Mr. Arnold's well-meant but mistaken criticism; but we must call attention to a single point which has struck us as illustrating, per-

* Intelligence of Mr. Arnold's sudden death reached us after the above article was written; but we do not see that there is any statement in it which should be modified in view of that unfortunate event.

haps better than any other, his unfitness to sit in judgment on American cultivation; and that is, his blindness to the art movement which has made such noteworthy progress here within the past ten or fifteen years.

Reviews

The Aryan Problem.*

IN WHAT part of the world had our Aryan forefathers their primitive abode? This is the interesting question which Prof. Max Müller undertakes to answer in his last and by no means least notable work. There are also, as the title indicates, other contents of the volume, which add to its value. The 'biographies of words,' mostly reprinted from a popular periodical, comprise some of those charming exercitations, peculiar almost to the author, by which he is able to make of etymology, as Goldsmith—according to Dr. Johnson—could make of zoölogy, a book as interesting as a fairy-tale. He takes for example, a commonplace word, like *persona*, which we naturally suppose that we know all about, and begins by showing us that we actually know nothing certain concerning it. It is the Latin for mask, but what is its origin? Is it derived from *personare*, to sound through, because the actor's voice sounded through the mask which he wore on the Roman stage? This is the old explanation, and the one to which the author inclines; but the quantity of the principal vowel (*persona*, instead of *persōna*) is an objection which many scholars cannot get over. The author gives their guesses, which he brushes aside as unsatisfactory, and then starts us on the extraordinary 'biography' of the word, which is as peculiar in its way as that of William the Conqueror, or Savage, the poet, or any other notability of dubious parentage. *Persona*, which meant a mask, came, oddly enough, to mean the real personality of an individual. Next, this personality became important. A *persona*, in the Middle Ages, was a person of distinction. And so, to our surprise, we discover that a person was not, as Blackstone had taught us to believe, the *persona ecclesiae* or legal impersonation of his church; he was simply a 'person of quality' among clergymen. Before we have fairly got over this shock, the author seizes us with relentless hand, and plunges us into the deepest whirlpool of Latin theology. The three persons of the Godhead, we find, were the Divine Being assuming three parts, or, as it were, wearing three masks, in the mighty drama of human redemption. Then came up the distinction between person and substance, and the whole Christian Church was shaken by the controversy about the true meaning of this and other words.

But these word-histories, curious as they are, have not the almost personal interest attaching to the inquiry whether the fathers of our stock were Asiatics or Europeans. The general opinion of their Eastern origin has been, of late years, assailed by authorities of no mean rank; and the controversy may be said to have come to a crisis when so distinguished a philologist as Prof. Sayce, deserting his earlier views, maintained last year, before the Anthropological Section of the British Scientific Association, the thesis of the European origin of the Aryans. Even the *Times* was moved to turn aside for a moment from its desperate defence of civilization against Mr. Gladstone and the Home Rulers, and to call upon Prof. Max Müller to come to the rescue against this new peril to established rights—a peril proceeding, sad to say, from his own mutinous Deputy. The 'older and the mightier' champion has promptly responded to the call. Achilles issues from his tent, and everything seems to go down before his weighty spear. Only we know that the parties in these wordy strife are like the combatants in Milton's battles, and, though beaten, are soon as well able to fight as ever, with arms or arguments refitted and as good as new.

There is what may be called the geographical argument, first propounded by Dr. Latham, nearly fifty years ago.

* Biographies of Words: and The Home of the Aryas. By F. Max Müller. \$2. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Compared with the European Aryans, he argues, those of Asia occupy a smaller territory, and are more homogeneous. The presumption, in his opinion, is that the smaller community was derived from the larger. 'To deduce the Indo-Europeans of Europe from the Indo-Europeans of Asia, in ethnology,' continues the learned Doctor, with a somewhat comic illustration, 'is like deriving the reptiles of Great Britain from those of Ireland in herpetology.' Theodore Poesche, the ingenious author of 'Die Arier,' is delighted with this happy reasoning. 'In logical keenness and lucidity,' he declares, 'this argument of Latham can hardly be surpassed.' Prof. Max Müller shows by a few figures and examples how easily and speedily the colonies of a small community might come to exceed the parent society in numbers and in variety. It is quite enough, however, to say that Dr. Latham's keen and lucid argument would derive the Portuguese people from Brazil, and the English from North America. To this may be added a question of fact. The domain of the Asiatic Aryans extends from the Bay of Bengal, through Northern Hindostan, Afghanistan, Beloochistan, Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor, to the Dardanelles. The area is hardly less, the variety really greater, than those of their European brethren. The geographical argument is evidently worthless.

Then comes the physiological argument. The 'Européanists,' if we may so style them (Schrader, Penka, Poesche, and others), are all of opinion that the primitive Aryans were, as Prof. Sayce says, a 'fair-haired, light-complexioned, dolichocephalic race,' such as is now found in North Germany and in Scandinavia. But this view deserts the Latham argument from numbers altogether. Of existing Aryans the immense majority—probably twenty to one—have dark complexions, eyes, and hair. The natural inference must be—if no reasons to the contrary are offered—that the primitive Aryans were of this type. The advocates of the new opinion insist that all the dark-skinned Aryans owe their complexion to a mixture of races. The contrary view, however, will strike ordinary reasoners as far more probable. It seems likely, from all that we know, that the pre-Aryan inhabitants of Northern Europe were Uralians, of the Finnish branch. Dr. Virchow, the highest authority on this point, has shown that the Finns have precisely the traits which Prof. Sayce and the writers whose arguments he resumes ascribe to the primitive Aryans; they are tall, blond, light-haired, and long-headed. If they were conquered in Germany and Scandinavia by the invading Aryans, who imposed their language upon them, the origin of the Teutonic race and language—which last has every mark of being a broken-down Sanskritic tongue—would be amply explained. A distinguished French philologist has made a striking suggestion on this point. 'It is inevitable,' observes M. Chavée, 'that people who have originally spoken another tongue can only assimilate with great difficulty and very badly a language imposed on them, which is of a different genius from their own. If the German people had been Aryans, they would never have altered the Aryan language as they have done.'

But the linguistic argument, to which we are now brought, must be left for the readers of Prof. Max Müller's work to study and appreciate. It would be idle to attempt to abridge such a course of closely packed reasoning, which may justly be said to leave no point untouched, and, alike in evidence and in logic, to be complete and decisive. Any one who desires a most agreeable and instructive guide through the maze of this curious controversy will find such an aid in the present volume. He will also find in the 'Appendices' some reading of much more attractive character than is usual in such addenda. There is an excellent letter from Sir George Birdwood on 'The Aryan Fauna and Flora,' which disposes of much zoölogical and botanical nonsense that has been written on this subject; and there is some interesting correspondence about the 'original home' of that enigmatical mineral, jade, and its dispersion, including

a delightful letter from Mr. Lowell—written when he was Minister to Spain,—respecting the early methods of emigration, not *to*, but *in*, the United States.

Mr. Besant's "Herr Paulus."*

IN 'HERR PAULUS' Mr. Besant has given us an entertaining and valuable exposition of the folly of letting one's mind become absorbed in occult interests that have never proved of any use or profit, even granting them to be true. The story is too long, and the desired effect would have had more power if it had been condensed into a good short story. The gist of the matter is a little hard to get at; but it is worth digging for, especially as the digging leads one through the mazes of a tale long but not tedious. The value of Mr. Besant's literary testimony lies in the fact that he is not an unbeliever determined at all hazards to prove the falsity of any occult influences in this world. He acknowledges the existence of great and wonderful mesmeric and mind-reading force; but having endowed his impostor with this, and with great tact and intelligence, he shows how it was possible for him, as a prestidigitateur, ventriloquist and mesmerist, to trick a small world of believers into profound faith in the occult. That is a powerful touch in 'Septimus Felton' where Hawthorne makes immortal mortality dependent on the victim's being willing never to feel anything very intensely; and Mr. Besant gives the same powerful touch in making his impostor lose his power the moment he ceases concentrating his whole energy on its manifestation; when, in short, he begins to act like ordinary mortals and falls in love. The book is very entertaining as an *exposé* of the absurd lengths to which delighted believers will go; and nothing could be better than the light touch at the close, when the victims of Herr Paulus, convinced against their will by his confession of the trickery in the trade, fall down anew to worship the exhibitions of a new candidate for their suffrages.

But the gist of the whole matter is in two paragraphs. First, as to the improbability of any such spiritual manifestations as the world has yet seen being true, take the sentence in the impostor's confession:—"There is not a single message purporting to come from the spirits which has advanced human knowledge one single inch, or that has been above the intellect of the man or woman whose mediumship was employed. You may argue that Spiritualism places the immortality of the soul beyond possible doubt or question. Why so? Because you believe in your mediums. How much safer are you than the Christians who believe in Christ and his apostles?" Secondly, as a suggestion, even admitting spiritual manifestations to be true and possible, of the utter uselessness to humanity of any knowledge obtained by occult processes, take Tom's admirable, though short, oration, in which he says, 'Remark, if you please, that all the miracles performed by this great prophet have brought misfortune to some one.' The illustrations which follow are a masterly exposition of the fact that such additional knowledge as we might gain by occult power, would still be only half-knowledge, liable to work as unfortunate results as the limited knowledge we already possess.

"The Truth about"—Mr. Saltus.†

MR. EDGAR SALTUS has not written many books; but from what he has written, it is evident on his announcing an intention of telling 'the Truth' to the world, that the world had better, in the language of the day, 'brace up.' We are not surprised to find on the title-page of 'The Truth about Tristrem Varick,' the following motto:—"Truth is not always in white satin like a girl on her wedding-day. And when it is of mud and of blood, when it offends the nostrils, so much the worse; I, for one, will not sprinkle it with ottar of rose. Besides, I am not here to tell fairy-tales and

'pastorals.' There is no need of dwelling on the plot of 'Tristrem Varick'; it is not a novel or a story; it is simply a 'case,'—a case to illustrate Mr. Saltus's theory of pessimism. He is not only a pessimist, but he is proud of being a pessimist, glad that he can find good cause for being a pessimist—though it is possible he would object to the use of 'glad' and 'good' even in this sense. His pessimism is that worst kind of pessimism: the belief not only that this is an unhappy world, but that it is an evil world; and not only that there is evil in the world, but that there is nothing but evil in the world. He represents his 'case' not as a single case, though even that would be bad enough, but as a type; the type, too, not of a class, but of all humanity.

Many will agree with Mr. Howells's saying that even a book like Zola's 'La Terre' exhibits a phase of life that should not be ignored in fiction; but Mr. Saltus exhibits his horrors not as a phase of life, but as life itself, as the only thing in life. Furthermore, he not only attempts to reveal hidden atrocities (to show in fiction horrible people doing horrible things is sometimes a necessity of realism); but he shows us excellent people doing horrible things. He wishes to unveil the secret wickedness of the apparently good and pure. He takes for his text that 'Truth is not always in white satin'; but his illustration implies that Truth is never in white satin. He wants you to know, not merely that there are women in the world who are not virtuous, but that the noblest women of your acquaintance are not virtuous. He perhaps says merely, 'here is a girl doing so and so,' but he implies, 'and there is no girl in the world who is not doing so and so.' If this is 'the Truth' that Mr. Saltus wishes to give us, there are tens of thousands who had better rise up and give Mr. Saltus the lie. That such cases exist as he has depicted in 'Tristrem Varick,' no man or woman of the world would for a moment attempt to deny; but for each case of the kind, there are ten thousand cases to which it is merely the exception. In saying that if it exists at all, it has a right and a place in fiction, one may recall Vernon Lee's appeal for the choice that realism itself ought to exercise in subjects for fiction: that fiction perpetuates what in life is merely fleeting, and should therefore choose to perpetuate that which by creating a lasting, crystallized impression, tends to help us in what George Eliot has pronounced 'the daily reiterated choice between good and evil which gradually determines character.' Those who would like to know the truth about Tristrem Varick may read Mr. Saltus; but those who care to know the truth about life, had better take a little of the good with the bad, or rather a little of the bad with the good, as they find it in Shakspeare, George Eliot, and Dickens.

Doran's "Annals of the English Stage."*

IF ANY apology were needed for the issue of a new edition of this monumental work, it would be found not only in the scarcity of copies of the original edition—now almost impossible to get except at a high price—but also in the excellent opportunity it has afforded the new editor, Mr. R. W. Lowe, to enrich the work with invaluable copperplate portraits of theatrical celebrities, and nearly a hundred wood- engravings of persons and places mentioned or described in the first edition: thus rendering the work illustratively complete from every point of view. Two editions of Dr. Doran's 'Annals' have hitherto been published, and the book has long been recognized as the standard popular history of the English stage—admirable and indispensable to every writer on theatrical subjects as is the work of Genest. Mr. Lowe has put such writers and students under lasting obligations by the thorough way in which he has executed his editorial functions as shown by his own notes and corrections. He has not laid his hands too unceremoniously on the ark, and he has had the rare assistance of Dr. Doran's own annotated copy of the

* *Herr Paulus.* By Walter Besant. 25 cts. Harper's Franklin Square Library.

† *The Truth About Tristrem Varick.* By Edgar Saltus. \$1. Chicago: Belford, Clarke & Co.

* *Annals of the English Stage*, from Thomas Betterton to Edmund Kean. By Dr. Doran. Revised by R. W. Lowe, 50 copperplate portraits, 80 wood- engravings. 3 volumes. 54 shillings. London: John C. Nimmo.

book, lent by his son. The work may be designated a sort of extra-illustrated edition of the 'Annals.' The editor has, in other words, not only corrected the text but inserted illustrations wherever they would seriously increase the historical value of the work; including the portraits specially mentioned by Dr. Doran, in every instance taken from accurate and trustworthy sources. The charming head-pieces (on proof-paper pasted in), intended to form a supplement to the fifty full-page illustrations, include portraits of persons whose importance justifies a place among the larger pictures, drawings of theatres, and actors in character. The tail-pieces are reproductions of Sayer's beautiful little drawings of Garrick and his contemporaries in their best characters, abundantly scattered through the volumes.

As a specimen of the work, Vol. I. contains sixteen copperplate portraits—Dr. Doran, Burbage, Nat Field, Nell Gwynne, Elizabeth Barry, Betterton, Colley Cibber, Mrs. Bracegirdle, and others. Eighteen illustrations on wood show the theatres and bear-gardens of the Sixteenth Century; and the bewigged and belaced figures of Sir Richard Steele, Davenant, Prynne, Pope, and Hogarth peer out of the pages, and recall vividly the glory of the times gone by. Six tail-pieces on wood reveal Garrick, Mrs. Barry, and Foote in their most celebrated rôles: Garrick as Hamlet and King Lear, Mrs. Barry as Donna Violante, and Foote as the Doctor in 'The Devil upon Two Sticks.' The volume is made up of eighteen chapters dealing with the glorious triumphs of the Restoration, and the careers of the actors and actresses, literary critics and collectors, whose pictures nestle among the leaves: Dr. Doran is nothing if not anecdotic: his chapters sparkle with sayings and sarcasms, with jest and jokes of famous men and women whom Sir Joshua painted, Lely transfigured, and Steele and Cibber criticised. The anecdotic miscellany thus evolved is delightfully long-drawn-out—as long as a Mohammedan rosary, as bright as a necklace of pearls. The three volumes, with their uncut edges, gilt tops, beautifully printed pages, and excellent indexes, form a true treasure-house for the theatre-goer.

Recent Fiction.

THE NOVELS of Hawley Smart are so associated with horses and horse-racing that the title 'A False Start' (Rand, McNally & Co.'s Globe Library) at once suggests another of the same kind. The first few chapters, however, show an allegorical side to the subject, with a young man marrying before he has anything with which to support a wife. The probable horse is soon added to the scene, in the presentation to the bride by her uncle of half the racing profits to be won by his best yearling. Debts haunt the young bridegroom, his curacy is insufficient for his wants, the yearling proves a most lucrative bridal gift, and the fascination of pulling in money without earning it leads the young clergyman farther and farther into trouble from his 'false start,' until he has to resign and go to Africa and fight Zulus, dying in the cause. Horse and man are thus typically interwoven with the language of the turf. Other issues in the Globe Library are Manville Fenn's 'Story of Antony Grace,' and 'Marvel' by the Duchess, which we have noticed in other editions.—'THE ADVENTURES of a Widow' (Ticknor's Paper Series) is one of Mr. Edgar Fawcett's stories of pessimistic tendency, from which one emerges with an impression, not only that there are many unpleasant people in the world, but also that there are very few pleasant ones. His 'widow' is a wealthy young woman who wishes to shine among the literary 'set,' and to have a *salon*. She does not succeed, either in shining or in having a *salon*; but the world is still a place where some people do shine and succeed, in spite of Mr. Fawcett's lugubrious views of life.

'BRINKA,' by Mary Clare Spenser (Spenser Publishing Co.), is a collection of exaggerations too unrealistic for realists and not sufficiently imaginative for idealists. Brinka is a little American countess—*i. e.*, a little countess who spends much time in America; and the mingling of unhappy orphans developing into remarkable musicians, abductions of grown men, women too wicked for belief, splendid dukes, etc., etc., with—of course—the eventual marriage of the obscure orphan to the beautiful countess, makes a combination not greatly to be cared for by the average reader.—'THE BLUFON Stamp Society,' by Philo (Chicago: Western Philatelic Pub. Co.), is hardly a story. It purports to give an account of some young stamp-collectors who learned gradually the true dignity of

their pursuit. It is intended to discourage boys from the mere foolish ambition to have a very large collection, advising them to give up entirely all counterfeits or fac-similes, and generally inculcating a high and manly view of even one's amusements.—'ST. GEORGE and the Dragon,' by Margaret Sidney (Lothrop), is a story for young boys about a boy named George, whose 'dragon' was, of course, the ordinary ills and temptations of everyday life. The incidents are a little strained and peculiar, quite unrealistic in fact, but the moral is good. 'Kensington Junior,' bound with it, is also a tale for boys, and is also quite unrealistic; being the story of a burglar converted into an artist.

'THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD' is issued as No. IX of the Knickerbocker Nuggets, and also as one of Ginn & Co.'s Classics for Children. These two editions of a charming and immortal work are like Cinderella at the ball and Aschenputtel at home: the one all jewelled and dainty, in silk and gold; the other homely, substantial, virtuous, and—neglected. Nothing could be prettier than the form and get-up of the Messrs. Putnam's Knickerbocker Nuggets with their diminutive size, clear print, delightful illustrations, and refined binding. Each of the eleven 'nuggets' so far exhumed by their skillful excavator of choice old books shines with renewed brilliance in this Nineteenth-Century environment: none more so than the dear old 'Vicar,' with his thirty-two illustrations by Mulready. As pocket editions, in their paper box, they are just the thing for hammock and picnic, for yacht or sea-side; and a set of them on a rack of Irish arbutus-wood would light up a study corner like nothing else—unless it be a spray of Philippine Coral. Ginn & Co.'s edition of the 'Vicar' is as plain as a pipe-stem, but none the less acceptable for that reason, being intended primarily for schoolchildren. It is slightly abridged, and the 'hard words' are duly explained in brief foot-notes. It forms the best addition to an excellent and popular series, among which may be found books by Kingsley, Ruskin, Lamb, Scott, Irving, Plutarch, Dr. Johnson, Church, and *Æsop*.

MR. WM. R. JENKINS has added 'La Neuvaïne de Colette' to his collection of Romans Choisis. This amusing story is reprinted from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and a translation of it into English ('The Story of Colette') was recently issued here by D. Appleton & Co. It appropriately forms No. 9 of the collection. The story records the adventures and misadventures of a young French girl in search of a husband. 'Solitude' is to her the most frightful word in the French dictionary, and its congener 'seule,' as applicable to a marriageable girl, is more frightful still: 'seule à dix-huit ans'!!! Her conventional life harmonizes but little with these dreams and aspirations: no husband comes. Accordingly she institutes a 'neuvaïne,' or prayer of nine days, for the much-desired object: but, horrors! her prayers are unanswered, until—throwing the silver saint, to whom her devoirs had been paid, out of the window, the unfortunate image comes in contact with—whom? Her future husband, of course! All which is graphically told in a series of autobiographic letters—written in pure and sparkling French.—'BLACK ICE' (Fords, Howard & Hulbert) is the singular title of Judge Tourgée's new story. It deals with the pleasures, daily incidents and excitements of a family in the country during the exhilarating winter season, when the 'black ice' on the pond tempts especially to the skating which is relied on as the chief matter of interest. It is an amiable story, with some clever bits of character, but is rather tedious in spite of the hairbreadth escapes from drowning. The movement is far too slow, even when represented as due to the characteristic slowness of the supposed narrator.

'FOR THE RIGHT,' by Karl Emil Franzos, translated by Julie Sutter, appears now in cloth. (Harper & Bros.) We have already noticed it as a book strong and in some respects remarkable. The author writes from an unusual point of view, and his moral ought to be an impressive one: his hero, who has devoted his whole life to the effort of living 'for the right,' dies an ignominious death voluntarily because he has learned that he was not in the right after all. It is less a powerful sermon on the beauty of living 'for the right,' such as many another earnest author has attempted, than one on the duty of being very careful that we are in the right, and that our methods, as well as our principles, will stand investigation.—'DERRICK STERLING,' illustrated (Harper & Bros.), is one of Kirk Munroe's stirring and manly stories for boys, 'chock full,' as the boys themselves would say, of exciting incident and adventure. At the same time it gives a very clear idea of life in the mining regions of Pennsylvania; and, better still, it not only interests and teaches, but gives a strong impression of the suffering in such a life, creating that sympathy with labor and the laboring classes which is such a wise feature of the literature for youth.—'THE GREAT Amherst Mystery,' by Walter Hubbell (Brentano's), is hardly

worth investigating as a literary marvel. It is a story of very disagreeable ghosts, said to haunt the house and persons of certain people living in Amherst, Nova Scotia. The account is not interesting, and as testimony it may be said that remarkable things 'in the ghost line' are only interesting when one has seen them oneself.

Death of Matthew Arnold.

THE recent appearance of Mr. Arnold's essay on 'Civilization in America' (which is the subject of our leading article this week) had brought the writer's name into unusual prominence in this country, when last Monday's cable despatches brought the news of his sudden death, filling thousands of hearts with regret, and hushing for a while the clamor of those who had seen fit to make that essay the occasion of attack upon its author. We present below an account—taken from the daily papers—of the circumstances attending the distinguished poet and critic's death; and also a brief sketch of his career; reserving till next week a more extended consideration of his literary work.

Mr. Arnold went to Liverpool with his sister, Mrs. Crapper, last Saturday, to meet his son, Richard, and his daughter, Mrs. Frederick W. Whitridge of this city, who were passengers on the *Aurania*. He put up at the Dingle. He was in high spirits, and in the evening took a long walk; and having unsuccessfully attempted to leap over a railing in front of the house while walking, he made a running jump and cleared it. He knew that his heart was weak, and had been warned by his physician, Sir Andrew Clark, against any sudden or violent exertion. His indiscretion had no immediate ill effect, however; and on Sunday morning he was still in excellent spirits. He attended service at the Presbyterian Church, and after luncheon went out again to walk. He had not gone far when he suddenly fell forward; and though a doctor into whose house he was immediately carried poured spirits down his throat, he died in a few minutes without having rallied for even a moment. His daughter arrived in town an hour afterwards. The funeral was arranged to take place at Laleham on Thursday.

Matthew Arnold was born at Laleham, near Staines, Dec. 24, 1822, being the eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Arnold, the famous Head Master of Rugby, who was then living in retirement and preparing young men for the universities. His mother, Mary Arnold, was the daughter of the Rev. John Penrose. In 1828, his father—then thirty-three years old—became Master of Rugby. When Dr. Arnold finished his life-work in 1842 (at a much earlier age than is generally realized), Matthew had made a good record at Winchester, written a prize poem at Rugby, and won a scholarship at Balliol College, Oxford. Like Dean Stanley and Mr. Ruskin, he won the Newdigate prize for verse (1843), his subject being *Cromwell*; and after being graduated with high honors the following year, he was elected a Fellow of Oriel College. In 1847 Mr. Arnold became the private secretary of the late Marquis of Lansdowne; and in 1851 he married a daughter of Mr. Justice Wightman. Soon afterwards he was appointed a Lay Inspector of Schools. In 1848 he published 'The Strayed Reveller, and Other Poems,' and in 1853 'Empedocles on Etna, and Other Poems,' both over the signature of 'A.' Over his own name he issued in the following year a book of poems, partly new, and partly selected from his former works. A second series of poems appeared in 1855; and in 1858 the tragedy of 'Merope,' modeled after the antique. In 1857 he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford University, and he held this position till 1867.

Three lectures 'On Translating Homer,' delivered at Oxford, were published in 1861; and also a report upon the educational systems of France, Germany, and Holland, the material for which had been gathered during an official visit to the Continent two years before. In 1865 Mr. Arnold made a second visit of a similar kind; and two years later he published a volume on the subject of his investigations. Other works of his were 'Essays in Criticism' (1865), 'Lectures on the Study of Celtic Literature' (1867), 'New Poems' (1868), an edition of his collected poems, and 'Culture and Anarchy, an Essay on Political and Social Criticism' (1869), 'St. Paul and Protestantism' (1870), 'Friendship's Garland' (1871), 'Literature and Dogma' (1873), 'Last Essays on Church and Religion' (1867), a volume of miscellaneous essays (1879), and 'Irish Essays and Others' (1882). Mr. Arnold edited the *Prophecies of Isaiah*,

and wrote introductions to selections from Johnson, Burke, Wordsworth, and Byron. The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by the University of Edinburgh in 1869, by Oxford in 1870, and by Cambridge in 1883. In 1871 he received the order of Commander of the Crown of Italy, in recognition of his care of the young Duke of Genoa, while studying in England. He delivered the *Rede lecture* at Cambridge in 1882, his subject being 'Literature and Science.' He came to this country in 1883, and lectured in this and other cities. He again visited the United States in 1886, and in the same year went to the Continent on an official errand. He leaves a widow, a son, and two daughters. Last Tuesday's *New York Times* says of Mr. Arnold:

He was the first foreigner to receive a mark of esteem from American authors, who elected him in 1883 an honorary member of the Authors' Club. On that occasion the act was hailed in England and here as one more indication of a friendly nearing of the two great English-speaking countries. His two trips to America made him hosts of friends in the United States, while his condemnation of things that disturbed his fastidiousness made him hardly an enemy. Indeed, it would be difficult to dislike Matthew Arnold, knowing him through his writings alone. But those who had the privilege of meeting him easily succumbed to his urbanity and charms of conversation, finding in a certain measure of self-absorption, which sat not ungracefully on him, that human touch, merely, which makes a man yet more beloved.

It will be remembered, perhaps, that Bryant's wish that his grave might be made in the month of June, so beautifully expressed in the poem which bears the name of that month, was happily realized. A somewhat similar coincidence is to be found in Mr. Arnold's escape from the tedium of a lingering death, and the conventional deathbed scenes, in view of the longing expressed in his poem 'A Wish,' which we reproduce herewith.

A WISH.

I ask not that my bed of death
From bands of greedy heirs be free;
For these besiege the latest breath
Of fortune's favored sons, not me.

I ask not each kind soul to keep
Tearless, when of my death he hears.
Let those who will, if any, weep!
There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find
The freedom to my life denied;
Ask but the folly of mankind
Then, then at last, to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
The friends who come, and gape, and go;
The ceremonious air of gloom—
All, which makes death a hideous show!

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head, and give
The ill he cannot cure a name.

Nor fetch, to take the accustomed toll
Of the poor sinner bound for death,
His brother-doctor of the soul,
To canvass with official breath

The future and its viewless things—
That undiscovered mystery
Which one who feels death's winnowing wings,
Must needs read clearer, sure, than he!

Bring none of these; but let me be,
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see,
Once more, before my dying eyes.

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn
The wide aerial landscape spread—
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead;

Which never was the friend of one,
Nor promised love it could not give,
But lit for all its generous sun,
And lived itself, and made us live.

There let me gaze, till I become
In soul, with what I gaze on, wed!
To feel the universe my home;
To have before my mind—instead

Of the sick room, the mortal strife,
The turmoil for a little breath—
The pure eternal course of life,
Not human combatings with death.

Thus feeling, gazing, let me grow
Composed, refreshed, ennobled, clear ;
Then willing let my spirit go
To work or wait elsewhere or here !

Mr. Arnold's Right to Criticise.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

After reading for oneself Matthew Arnold's article on 'Civilization in the United States,' Mr. Smalley's letter on the subject in the *Tribune* seems ridiculous—perhaps malicious would be the better word to characterize it. Mr. Smalley prepares us to find a savage onslaught on the United States—spleenish, bitter, untrue. But what do we have? A calm, judicial, disinterested statement by a man who 'sees things as they really are,' and who has the courage to say them. Every word of this valuable paper is true. We need it all. Mr. Arnold gives us cordial praise for what we deserve, and points out our deficiencies and shortcomings in an evident spirit of regret. To resent such a critical estimate by one of acknowledged capacity and discernment, whose whole career shows that he is solicitous of 'man's progress towards his true and full humanity,' is simply silly. People who are acquainted with Mr. Arnold's writings are perfectly well aware with what candor and truthfulness he has spoken about his own countrymen. He has the same right to measure us by a similar standard, which is confessedly a lofty one, but the only one that applies to human life when regarded in its true intent and noblest attainment. The subject is a tempting one for a long letter, but I write now merely to protest against the sort of criticism that Mr. Smalley treats us to on a great theme.

PIERMONT, N. Y., April 10, 1888.

H. N. P.

American Studies of Native Folk-Lore.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

In THE CRITIC of Jan. 14 I find, in a paper by Mr. Robert Lee Vance, a remark to the effect that 'American students have been singularly inattentive to the fruitful fields of lore spread right under their feet,' specifying among other neglected subjects the tales and myths of the Indians. For this neglect there are two very good reasons. One is that even writers like Mr. Vance do not so much as bestow a fleeting notice on what has been done in the great field of American folk-lore, but speak as if no one had labored in it; and secondly, the fact that there is no subject in the world which is of so little interest to the American people as the early legends attached to their country. American scholars, considering the utter want of encouragement of such work in their own country, have been anything but inattentive.

Now for proofs. When Schoolcraft first collected his Algon Legends, they were refused as I have read by every publisher in America and London. I believe that he published them at last at his own expense. Out of that little book Mr. Longfellow made his 'Hiawatha.' In fact four other books altogether were rehashed from it—none of them to be compared to the original. The success of the poem encouraged Mr. Schoolcraft to republish his 'Algon tales' as 'The Hiawatha Legends,' I think in 1854; but I doubt whether the first edition of one of the most curious and valuable works of the kind in existence is yet exhausted. The day will come when it will be worth its weight in gold.

That American scholars have not been inattentive to this field is proved by the vast collection of Indian folk-lore and legends in the archives of the Ethnological Bureau at Washington. The collection of Dakota legends alone (original text and translation) in its possession would make a volume of incredible interest to any really cultured man. For at the present day a man who cannot read with interest any work of the kind cannot be called a true scholar. But is there a man in all America who would undertake to publish these legends? And the Dakota tales are far from being all that are awaiting type, in the Bureau.

It is, I think, slightly unkind to Dr. D. G. Brinton of Philadelphia, who has done such good work in collecting, editing and publishing aboriginal Indian texts, to say that American students are 'singularly inattentive' to such subjects.

Finally I may speak of my own work. A few years ago, by dint of unweary labor and at an expense which was not repaid, I made a very large and curious collection of the legends, poems, and folk-lore of the Algonkin Indians of Maine, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Many leading reviews paid compliments to the careful industry with which I had collected and made clear many of these entangled myths. The work was the more remarkable because it set forth an extraordinary identity of these legends with those of the elder Edda. Some of the greatest scholars in Europe, among others Max Müller, commended the collection. Several of

the legends reappeared as poems—one formed the ground work of a tale by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. They set forth for the first time in book form the mythology of the tribes of the northeast, with their god Glooskap. About one-third, or one-fourth, of these were published in 1883 by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and the first edition is not yet exhausted. As for the poems, the translation of the Great Wampum, and a mass of incredibly interesting folk-lore in my possession, if there is in the United States a publisher mad enough to undertake the publication of such a collection, it is waiting for him.

What renders this indifference more remarkable is the interest and value of these Indian legends. The more I study them the more I am convinced that they contain much that has been lost from the Edda, that they confirm the chronicle of the brothers Zeno and much which it is the fashion to utterly deny because it is not perfectly proved. During the past year I made in Hungary, and from other countries and sources, a large collection of Gypsy tales. For these I at once found a publisher in London. I consider them more valuable in one respect even than the Mährchen of the brothers Grimm. They are more archaic, and much nearer to the original Indian or Aryan sources. But they cannot compare in real interest to the Red Indian legends. Not only are the latter identified in their leading features with the Edda and the Finnic Kalevala, and also Rink's Eskimo tales, but they contain much which will throw light on the dim tradition of the Norse King who reigned in New Foundland, and the belief that long before Columbus Europeans annually sailed to the Grand Banks for codfish—or to a land which they called Tartary. When I made these Algonkin legends the subject of a paper read before the Royal Literary Society of Great Britain, they excited great interest, and the address received the special honor of publication. Of this paper Dr. Bodo Wenzel, one of the greatest Scandinavian scholars of Germany, wrote that it interested and surprised him very much.

Mr. Vance declares that 'a few Indian myths (often manufactured by the white man), and some Indian legends of the Southern negroes comprise our total contributions to the comparative study of folk-lore.' As my own collection of myths, etc., not manufactured by the white man, with those collected by Brinton, Schoolcraft, and Kohl, to say nothing of those in the Ethnographic Bureau, would fill perhaps ten thousand average octavo pages, I consider this statement as unjust to a number of collectors who have toiled for years to rescue our Indian folk-lore from oblivion.

I have written more than I intended, but I trust not more than will serve to prove that there are at least a few American students who are not 'singularly inattentive' to the Indian legends of their native land.

BRIGHTON, March 1, 1888. CHARLES G. LELAND, F.R.L.S.

The Lounger

THE leading editorial in one of last week's issues of *The Mail and Express* had the merit of brevity, which is the 'soul of wit,' but of other qualities it had none. It ran as follows: 'Then He appeared to above five hundred brethren at once.' Who appeared, or when, or where, was indicated only by the antiquated form of the word 'brothers,' and the capital 'H' in 'He.' There were no quotation marks to show that the paragraph was a quotation; but it was distinguished from those that followed it by being printed in what type-setters call 'caps,' and 'small-caps,' instead of in small letters and capitals. Since the paper passed into the hands of its new proprietor, each number has contained a leading editorial as timely and forcible as the above. I am at a loss to account for their publication. If the Bible were not the cheapest book in the world, and a whole chapter were reprinted every day, I should assume a desire to put the precious truths it contains within reach of the poorest readers. But at the rate of a verse a day, it would take many years to reprint the whole book; and the sudden skip from Genesis to the New Testament shows that this is not intended.

IF THE DESIRE be to win the suffrages of the religious part of the reading world, that might be better accomplished by giving the whole paper a high moral tone. If the daily quotation were made with special reference to the events of the day, there would be some point to the new departure; but anything more witlessly irrelevant to any known events of the past week than the text I have quoted, it would be hard to find in the Old Testament or the New. So far from gratifying the religious readers of the paper, I am sure it must strike them as irreverent and objectionable; while to the irreligious it is simply grotesque. If the new owner's idea is to attract universal attention by making his newspaper ridiculous, he has certainly hit upon a way of doing it at a minimum of expense. A few years ago Mr. Oscar Wilde—a young man not at all lacking in wit—made a fool of himself in this country for mercenary ends, and car-

ried home with him several thousands of dollars. A Mr. O'Conor is making a laughing-stock of himself at the Star Theatre, with equally gratifying pecuniary results. If the proprietor of *The Mail and Express* cares to follow the lead of such thrifty buffoons as these, I wish him joy of his undertaking; but I wish also that he had adopted a less questionable method of covering himself and his paper with ridicule.

MR. W. M. GRISWOLD of Washington writes:—‘Your correspondent is wrong in saying of the Poe papers that they “unaccountably disappeared.” Those interested have always known where they were—viz., in possession of G. H. Moore, now of the Lenox Library, whom my father made his literary executor. Messrs. Stedman and Woodberry, when writing their lives of Poe, asked permission to examine the papers and were refused. It is supposed that Mr. M. believes the papers to have a speculative pecuniary value, either for enthusiasts like Ingram, or for autograph collectors, and is still holding them for a rise.

‘THERE is very little satisfaction in getting a new idea,’ said a publisher recently with a doleful shake of the head; ‘I’ve never yet put a novelty on the market, that it wasn’t copied just as soon as a copy could be made. Imitation is the sincerest flattery, they say; but these publishers flatter me too much.’ Then he cited instances of how he had sat up through the dreary nights, or tossed restlessly on his couch, devising new ideas in the mechanical make-up of books—novel bindings, etc.—only to have them appropriated by less original brains. I tried to console him by saying that it is much better to be a leader than a follower—a statement which he admitted to be true, though he did not find it practically satisfying. The thing he complained of is no truer in the publishing business than in any other. A man is not going to miss an opportunity for making money from any sense of delicacy. He would not steal his neighbor’s purse; but a neighbor’s good ideas, if not patented, or at least patentable, are quickly appropriated.

I SEE, by the way, that the publishing fraternity have just awakened to a little scheme for bookbinding that occurred to a friend of mine, not in the ‘trade,’ several years ago. It is to turn the cloth wrong side out. Several leading houses have taken up with the idea; and soon it will have become so common, that they will all be looking around for another novelty. There are few bindings prettier than this, and it is particularly attractive when the covers are flexible. One of the most novel book-covers that I have seen in a long time is that on ‘A Girl’s Letters Eighty Years Ago,’ which is a fac-simile of an old ‘sampler.

LET ANY ONE invent a peculiar style of title for a book, and if the book succeeds, see how soon that style will be copied. Mr. A. C. Gunter wrote a successful novel called ‘Mr. Barnes of New York,’ which he followed up with ‘Mr. Potter of Texas.’ In the meantime other authors had imitated the latter with ‘Mr. Smith of New Jersey’ and ‘Miss Varian of New York;’ and now I hear that there is to be a Miss Somebody-or-other of Paris. ‘Miss Varian of New York,’ I am told, was not the author’s title, but was printed on the book by the publisher without her knowledge. I see that ‘Mr. Barnes of New York,’ by the way, has fallen into the hands of the playwright, and is being played with more or less success in London. The adapter is Mr. Rutland Barrington (what a Yankee sound the name has!), and he calls the play ‘To the Death,’ thus losing the benefit of the advertising the original name has received. Mr. Gunter’s novel suggests a play at once; and as the author is a playwright, it is more than likely that he intended to adapt his story to the stage. If he does so, he will certainly have the business sense to stick to the original name, and to make a very prominent figure of Mr. Barnes.

MR. GEORGE REX GRAHAM, the publisher of *Graham’s Magazine*, a once famous periodical, has just reached his seventy-fifth year. He has been blind for the past two years, and an inmate of an ophthalmic hospital in Philadelphia; but a successful operation has restored his sight. Mr. Graham made a fortune out of his magazine, but lost it, and is now a poor man—living, it is said, on the bounty of his old friends Mr. G. W. Childs and Mr. C. J. Peterson. Magazines did not have as large circulations, nor did their publishers pay as high prices for contributions, in *Graham’s* day as they do now. Fifty thousand copies was the largest sale that *Graham’s* ever reached. Mr. Graham paid Longfellow \$150 for ‘The Spanish Student,’ and \$50 for ‘The Village Blacksmith;’ and he gave Edgar Allan Poe \$800 a year to edit the magazine. These prices were regarded as very liberal; indeed, his friends told him he would ruin himself by paying so extravagantly; but he regarded liberality as the best policy, and he found that he was right.

MR. STOCKTON has hit upon an ingenious method of helping the cause which all authors have at heart. In response to every application for his autograph, he sends a half-sheet of note-paper containing the following sentence, printed in imitation of script, the only part which is in his own hand-writing being the signature: ‘Hoping that you will use your influence in favor of an International Copyright law, and against the circulation, in this country, of unauthorized editions of foreign books, I am yours sincerely, Frank R. Stockton.’ This form is, as he says, ‘particularly applicable when a “sentiment” is desired.’

A. C. WRITES to me from Harvard College that the phrase ‘Social Movement,’ in the prospectus of the Universal Press Association of Paris (‘a very unimportant affair, by the way, in spite of its high-sounding title’), should be, not ‘Society News,’ but ‘Labor News’ or ‘Labor and Capital.’ He thinks it unlikely that persons really competent to write circulars in foreign languages will often be engaged for such poorly paid work.

The Fine Arts

Women Etchers at the Union League.

THE EXHIBITION at the Union League Club of work by American women-etchers closes to-day (Saturday). The happy idea of bringing this collection of plates on from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, where it was first shown, belongs to Dr. A. E. M. Purdy, of this city, who spared no pains to make the exhibition successful. Many of the plates are well-known to the public; but without seeing an exhibition like this, it is difficult to realize what admirable work with the needle has been done by American women. The first of the women-etchers of America, the sister of Thomas Cole, is not represented, as Dr. Purdy was unable to procure the prints from the owner of the four plates, Mr. Falconer of Brooklyn. Mrs. Eliza Greatorex, the second of the native women-etchers, is represented by a progressive series of plates, showing her evolution from a careful, somewhat mannered pen-and-ink artist, who takes up the needle, into an etcher of the modern school. Miss Eleanor E. Greatorex, her daughter, carries her methods on into impressionism in her three Cadore plates, which are marred by a certain fragmentariness. Miss Eleanor Matlack shows the development of the etcher from the line-draughtswoman, and her best plates are those based on the idea of outline. Blanche Dillaye and Mrs. Edith Loring Pierce Getchell make an admirable showing of serious, rational work, the one with thirty-eight plates, the other with fifty-seven. These two etchers have much in common. Mrs. Mary Nimmo Moran’s achievements may be studied to advantage in this group of fifty-six etchings—her entire output. The great beauties of her plates were never thrown into stronger relief; nor her one fault—redundancy of line. Miss Gabrielle D. Clements, with her firm, nervous, staccato touch, is in strong contrast with Mrs. Anna Lea-Merritt, whose rather weak and flabby method is more that of her school than of her personality. Ellen Oakford is a young etcher whose ability is receiving due recognition, and her exhibit of nineteen plates is very creditable.

The most interesting plates in the way of artistic progressiveness are the drypoints of Miss Mary J. Cassatt, the Paris-American impressionist. Some of her plates are remarkable as examples of the aquatint process, and are strong in individuality as well as in execution. There is something of Whistler in them, and much of Manet; and there is subtle force of color pervading the lines. The aquatint process may be only a workman’s trick, in the opinion of certain purists in etching; but it is very valuable as a means of producing impressive effects. Mrs. Lilian Bayard Taylor Kiliani has three portrait-heads after old masters, very good in line and with the charm of quality. A few works might be readily spared, such as certain plates by Phoebe D. Natt and M. M. Taylor. It may be said that there is less ‘commercialism’ in this exhibition of over 500 plates by American women than there would be in a similar collection of plates by men. The introduction to the catalogue is by Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer.

The Society of American Artists. (Second Notice.)

JOHN S. SARGENT's full-length portrait of a lady in a pink satin and black lace gown, with a blue cloak, is careless and superficial, at the same time that it shows the training of a master. Edmund C. Tarbell has assimilated the better side of Sargent, and his portrait of a lady in black has many good qualities. William M. Chase's 'Mother and Child'—a full-length of a young woman in a black Japanese robe, holding a baby—is treated in an original way, and is very suggestive. The portrait of Mr. Cheeks by Mr. Chase has a lifelike head but a shadowy figure. Carroll Beckwith's 'The Orphans'—a portrait of two self-satisfied little girls in gray and black—contains plenty of good painting of a positive sort, and pleases by its audacity. The children look delighted at the idea of being rid of parental control. Rüger Donoho has a serious artistic head of himself. Wyatt Eaton's portrait of a man with a violin grows in grace and power the longer one looks at it, for its fine sober treatment and its subtle individualization. Individualization is not the strong point of the young American school of portraiture. Mr. Rice's large portrait of a lady in a light gown, Mr. Wiles's dame in a leopard-skin cape, Mr. Benson's sunny open-air portrait of a girl in white, and Mr. Fowler's portrait of a boy with a violin, are all admirable works as to technique; but they have the fault of the school to which they belong. They present the subject as a painter's model—not a complex individual organism.

When we come to Mr. Kenyon Cox's portrait of Augustus St. Gaudens, the sculptor, as he stands modelling a relief portrait, we find the exception that proves the rule; for here we have individualization incarnate; we feel that we have discovered a new portrait-painter, who has attained distinction at a bound. The only fault to be found with the work is that the subject is treated more as a master-workman than as a man of genius.

Among the landscapes may be mentioned Mr. Chase's clever bits; three of Mr. Coffin's works; Mr. Curran's sunlight study, with a woman drying clothes; B. R. Fitz's fine, imaginative canvas, 'In the Fields'; Ben Foster's 'Study from Nature' and 'Picardy Peat Pond'; Kost's 'Autumn Evening—Staten Island'; R. I. Langdon's truthful sunny 'Moorland Pool'; two works by Francis Murphy; Walter Shirlaw's 'Westward,' noticeable for color; the three Tryons; an important group of Twachtmans; and Irving R. Wiles's crisp impression, 'Noon.' Mr. Hitchcock's 'Tulip Culture' is a rainbow of primary colors. The sculpture includes busts by Elwell, Hartley and Donoghue. The latter's bust of John Boyle O'Reilly is the best of the sculpture exhibits. There is an ambitious frieze by French, and a bronze group of a mother and child, well conveying a sense of rest, by John J. Boyle.

The Rembrandt Etchings.

THE exhibition of Rembrandt's etchings, now open at Wunderlich's, is the first important collection of the kind ever publicly shown in this city. It contains one hundred plates out of the 350 executed by the master. Many of the states are very rare, and may be traced back to world-famous collections which no longer exist, such as the Buccleugh, Hawkins, Brodhurst, etc. Mr. Wunderlich has presented the art-public with a magnificent opportunity for gaining a knowledge of Rembrandt's work as an etcher. The portraits of known subjects form a group on one side of the gallery, ending with Rembrandt's numerous portraits of himself. Among them are the 'Great Coppenol' (fifth state), the 'Burgomaster Six' (third state), 'Uyttenbogaert, the Gold-Weigher' (first state, with the face in outline), and the 'Young Haaring' (first state, before the curtain rod, the cuffs, name and date). Seven portraits of the painter, two of his mother, and the 'Great Jewish Bride' (two states) are here. The religious subjects, the miscellaneous compositions, the landscapes and the portraits of unknown persons, follow in order. The twenty landscape plates form a collec-

tion of much rarity. Among the choice plates are an early impression with bur from the Aylesford collection, a very early impression of the 'View of Amsterdam,' the third state of the 'Three Cottages' from the Buccleugh collection, and 'Rembrandt's Mill,' an early impression, with the sky tinted.

Art Notes

A LARGE stained-glass window for the Potter Palmer mansion at Chicago has been recently exhibited at the rooms of the Tiffany Glass Co. It represents a procession of knights setting out for the 'Field of the Cloth of Gold.' The window is oblong in shape, and three prominent mounted figures fill the left centre of the composition. A landscape with a castle is seen at the extreme left. The color is brilliant, dark reds, warm browns and deep blues forming the ground of the scheme. Heraldic designs fill upright compartments at either side. At the top is a frieze designed in brown quatrefoils, and the lower border is in greens and browns with designs of oak-leaves and shields. Some skylights in copper wire arabesques, colored to gray and studded with amber glass discs and opalescent jewels, are very artistic.

—On Wednesday the exhibitors at the National Academy awarded by ballot the various prizes annually offered to the best pictures fulfilling the required conditions. The Clarke prize of \$300 for the best figure composition went to Siddons Mowbray for his 'Evening Breeze'; the Hallgarten prizes of \$300, \$200 and \$100, offered to artists under thirty-five years, were awarded to George de F. Brush for 'The Sculptor and the King,' H. R. Poore for 'Fox Hounds,' and Charles C. Curran for 'A Breezy Day'; and the Norman W. Dodge prize, for the best painting by a woman, was won by Amanda Brewster Sewell for her portrait, No. 286.

—The sale of the Godfrey Mannheimer collection of foreign paintings brought \$48,780 for seventy-four works. The highest price paid was \$7000, for L. Knaus's 'The Blacksmith's Shop.' Delacroix's 'Lion and Lioness in Cave' sold for \$4000, Gérôme's 'Duet' for \$2400, and Berne Bellecour's 'In the Trenches' for \$2400. The most important Diaz ('Fontainebleau Forest') brought \$2300; and Meyer Von Bremen's 'The Industrious Nurse,' \$1650. The two water-colors—'The Pets,' by Louis Leloir, and 'Praying to St. Cecilia,' by V. Chevilliard—brought \$130 and \$210.

—The E. F. Rook collection at the Fifth Avenue Galleries brought \$20,715 for 83 pictures. F. A. Bridgman's 'Allah, Allah Achbar,' brought \$1300, and his 'Circus in Brittany' \$1000. A. Achenbach's 'After the Storm' sold for \$1150, and Casanova's 'The Idol of the Day' for \$1030. Hamon's 'L'Amour en Visite' was sold for \$950.

—The Chapman collection sold for \$74,395. Many of the best pictures went at low prices. On the first night \$775 was the highest price offered,—for a landscape by Diaz. Rousseau's 'Sunset' brought only \$360, and his 'French Village' \$300. On the second evening eighty-one pictures went for \$52,880, the highest price being \$3500, paid by Dr. W. C. Wynkoop for Lerolle's large work, 'The End of the Day.' Dupré's 'A Summer Day' was sold for \$3225, Millet's 'Woman Sewing' for \$3000, and the large Rousseau, 'Sunshine Through Clouds,' for \$2500. The twenty-eight bronzes, among which were several Barye, sold for \$1649.50. Sara Bernhardt's 'Death and the Young Girl' brought \$210. The sale occurred at the American Art Galleries.

—An important sale of paintings by European and American masters took place at the Fifth Avenue Galleries on Thursday and Friday. Among the pictures in the collection were an interesting Gérôme, 'Tombs of the Khalifs, Cairo'; a fine Jacque, 'The Return of the Flock'; Benjamin Constant's rather poor large work, 'Othello and Desdemona'; a good Van Marcke, with sheep, called 'In the Fields'; a well painted Miralles, 'Morning in the Bois de Boulogne'; a satisfactory Troyon, 'In the Pasture'; a large Bouguereau, 'Brittany Peasants at Prayer in a Cathedral'; and good minor examples of Jean Berand, Courbet, Rico, Vibert, Daubigny, Coomans, Detaille, Perrault, Corot and Wahlberg. An interesting Josef Israels was entitled 'At the Cathedral Door.'

—The Art Students' League held its annual meeting on Tuesday. Nineteen classes have been in daily session since Oct. 3. 652 students having been at work. The receipts for the year were \$17,000, and expenditures \$22,000, including \$6500 spent on improvements to the building. The officers elected were: President, Horace Bradley; Vice-Presidents, G. W. Breck, Miss Edith Mitchell, Miss A. F. Bedell, Miss E. G. Condie and E. D. French. Among the instructors are Kenyon Cox, Siddons Mowbray, Walter Shirlaw, Geo. de F. Brush, Wm. M. Chase, B. R. Fitz, Geo. T. Brewster, Carroll Beckwith, H. A. Levy, E. H. Blashfield and Thos. Eakins.

—The sub-committee on art (that is, on the art exhibition) of the centennial celebration of Washington's Inauguration to be held in New York on April 30, 1889, consists of Henry G. Marquand, Chairman; Daniel Huntington, F. Hopkinson Smith, William E. Dodge, Frank D. Millet, H. H. Boyesen, Charles Henry Hart, Charles Parsons, A. W. Drake, Oliver H. Perry (art-editors of *Harper's*, *The Century* and *Scribner's* respectively), and Richard W. Gilder, Secretary.

—The Boston Art Club is holding its thirty-eighth exhibition, which consists entirely of water-colors. Many prominent New York artists are represented. It will remain open until April 28.

—An exhibition of work by instructors and students was held at the Art Students' League last Saturday in connection with a costume party given in the evening. The exhibit of the modelling class, which has only been in existence for a year, was particularly good, and showed that the students are laying a solid foundation of technical knowledge in sculpture. Miss Thompson, Mrs. Ellis, Mr. Bunce, and Mr. E. Dowdall exhibited satisfactory work. Drawings by H. A. Levy, done in Paris in 1883, water-colors by Miss Huger, oils by Joe Evans, L. Walter, Miss Condie, F. S. Lamb, Coffin, Shirlaw, Beckwith, Miss Elliott and others, formed an interesting exhibition.

International Copyright.

THE REV. F. M. BIRD, of South Bethlehem, Pa., sends us a letter of Harriet Martineau's, written nearly fifty-two years ago. The Dr. Bird to whom it is addressed (Mr. Bird's father) was Robert Montgomery Bird, author of 'The Gladiator' and other successful plays, and of several novels, and editor of the Philadelphia *North American*. Accompanying the letter was a petition addressed to Congress by the leading English authors of the last generation. If the letter (which we reproduce below) had been written in 1888, instead of 1836, Miss Martineau would not have needed to warn her correspondent, in italics, against taking the 'booksellers' into his confidence.

DEAR SIR: This petition tells its own story,—except that you do not see the signatures. It is very illustriously signed. We hope the names of Brougham, Wordsworth, and Miss Edgeworth will be at the top. The Americans in London urge that the authors of the United States should petition Congress,—both houses,—to the same effect, at the same time. I have written to most of my literary friends, to rouse them to this. If it could be done, we should, we are told, pretty certainly have the desired law this session. You see how close an interest you American authors have in our property not being stolen to enrich the booksellers, and lessen the value of your works. If you can do anything in this matter, I am sure you will: *not making confidants of any booksellers*, but communicating with brother- and sister-authors. I make no apology for writing to you on this subject, for we each desire the welfare of science and literature; and have each a personal interest in the passage of this law. Believe me, Dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

DR. BIRD, PHILADELPHIA, Pa. HARRIET MARTINEAU.

We reproduce a portion of the petition, which is as pertinent to-day as it was half a century ago:

American authors are injured by the non-existence of the desired law. While American publishers can provide themselves with works for publication by unjust appropriation, instead of by equitable purchase, they are under no inducement to afford to American authors a fair remuneration for their labors: under which grievance American authors have no redress but in sending over their works to England to be published, an expedient which has become an established practice with some of whom their country has most reason to be proud. . . . Your petitioners beg humbly to remind your Honors of the case of Walter Scott, as stated by an esteemed citizen of the United States, that while the works of this author, dear alike to your country and to ours, were read from Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, he received no remuneration from the American public for his labors; that an equitable remuneration might have saved his life, and would, at least, have relieved its closing years from the burden of debts and destructive toils.

The *Tribune* said, on Thursday of last week:

The Copyright bill, which has been made a special order in the Senate for to-day after the Pleuro-Pneumonia bill has been disposed of, comes up with the brightest prospects this reform has ever known since the days when Henry Clay fathered it. The bill has

been unanimously reported from the Committee on Patents, and its passage in the Senate is confidently looked for, while there seems to be little or no sound of opposition thus far in the House. It may be that the present year of grace is to see a Copyright law passed, and the chief reproach under which this country rests in the eyes of other nations lifted forever. . . . We hope to see the bill pass the Senate now by the union of the enlightened men of both parties. Every patriotic man, whatever his politics, should be glad to do anything that will help the development of a native literature, and no more powerful agency can be set to work than an International Copyright law. Drop politics for once, gentlemen, and unite in voting for this measure upon grounds of the highest patriotism. There is a still stronger reason—that of abstract justice. This is too great a country to be in a business so small as stealing books.

Concerning the effect of the Chace bill on the price of books, the *New Orleans Times-Democrat* says:

The law will not affect in the slightest degree the price of standard English books, nor interfere with their sale. The works of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, will all remain in the same status as before and will be sold in the same numbers. The books published to-day, English, French and German, will be placed on the same footing, and sell relatively at the same price. The best books will sell best, and not those whose only recommendation is cheapness. It is not proposed to cut off any competition, to create any corner in literature, to advance the prices of the products of American literature, but simply to act honestly and justly and to pay foreign authors for their works, instead of stealing them. This policy of honesty has been pursued by every country in the world save the United States, and it has had none of the effects that the enemies of a copyright law pretend.

One of the arguments of the opponents of international honesty is thus disposed of by *The Publishing World*:

The argument that, because Mr. Lowell pays rates and taxes and Mr. Browning does not, the former ought to be rewarded higher in his own country than the foreigner, would be a specious argument against an International Copyright bill if the present absence of such an enactment had the effect of increasing Mr. Lowell's emoluments. The existing state of affairs has, however, no such effect. It makes Browning's books cheap, and Lowell's books dear; it restricts therefore the sale of the latter while it encourages the sale of Browning. It can be no consolation to Mr. Lowell that the author of 'Sordello' derives no benefit, except what the generosity of his publishers here allows him; nor to Browning, that Lowell experiences in England the same treatment which he meets in America.

Rosina Vokes

ROSINA VOKES, although her name is associated chiefly with pieces which are wholly frivolous and ephemeral, is not only an actress endowed with great comic power, but is possessed of the genuine artistic instinct. She is immeasurably superior to the host of ignorant and vulgar young women who disport themselves in the nondescript rubbish known as farcical comedy, and may be said, indeed, to stand alone, as there is probably no other female performer upon the English-speaking stage whose humor is at once so broad and so subtle, and whose execution is so free and yet so delicate. She is not only fully at home amid the wildest extravagances of farce or burlesque, but can impart the liveliest significance to a passage of the lightest comedy through the agency of an almost imperceptible look or gesture. In this latter respect she is the equal of any of the French actresses who have been seen here in *opéra-bouffe*—even Aimée herself,—but differs from all of them widely in never applying her power of artful suggestion to immodest purpose. The absolute freshness, purity and spontaneity of her humor constitute the greatest charm of her acting.

Her reappearance upon the New York stage was effected on Monday night in Daly's Theatre in the presence of a very large and fashionable audience, which was kept in a condition of almost ceaseless merriment while she was within sight or hearing. She played in two pieces, one the old 'Pantomime Rehearsal,' which is already an established favorite, and the other 'The Circus Rider,' which will doubt-

less become one. In this she assumes the part of a young lady of title who is mistaken for a pretty horse-breaker, and is thus enabled to learn of the infidelity and baseness of her betrothed. The story in itself is too absurd for comment, but it provides Miss Vokes with a character in which her versatility is brilliantly displayed. Her bewilderment at the first, her gradual appreciation of the blunder that has been committed, her growing resolve to profit by it, and her assumption of the circus manner, with the incidental songs and dances, were delightful, the performance ranging from light comedy to the broadest burlesque, and including one or two little womanly touches which would indicate that pathos is not altogether out of her reach. And moreover, throughout it all, there were observable an artistic restraint and a nice sense of proportion which are not dreamed of in ordinary exhibitions of this kind. Miss Vokes's company is not brilliant, but contains one or two good performers. Mr. Felix Morris gives an extremely clever and highly finished sketch of a selfish and quarrelsome old Frenchman in a little piece called 'A Game of Cards,' and is also very amusing in the 'Pantomime Rehearsal.' Mr. Gottschalk is an excellent pianist, and may turn out to be a clever actor.

Current Criticism

THE EX-PRESIDENT ON MANUAL TRAINING.—Gen. Hayes concluded with a quotation from Canon Farrar's 'Life of Christ,' with which eminent authority his arguments found an all-sufficient evidence. Farrar calls attention to one fact known of Christ from his youth until he was 30 years of age, which was noted in the question asked by the people about him, 'Is not this the carpenter?' The speaker said that he was enthusiastic on the subject of industrial training, as he had given it considerable study, and that he hardly knew what he had said, so much was left out. The lecture was a rare literary and intellectual treat, and the audience manifested its appreciation by hearty applause.

Mr. Albaugh moved that a vote of thanks be tendered ex-President Hayes for his lecture, prefacing his motion with an appropriate incident. A short time ago, he said, he visited an industrial school. He saw the boys pass out of the carpenter shop and into the blacksmith shop. In the latter department the boys had on their leather aprons and their faces were grimy from their work. When he was about to depart, the teacher said he would like to introduce him to one of the boys. That boy was a son of ex-President Hayes. The motion was adopted amid applause.—*Columbus, O., State Journal.*

MR. CURTIS'S FILIP TO THE BAR.—With gay defiance Mr. Daniel Dougherty began his professional career in New York by assailing the press. Mayor Hewitt had led the way by his vigorous denunciation of the newspaper boss, and the two assaults are signal illustrations of delightful temerity. The press is the greatest public power in New York and in the country. It is practically responsible only to itself—that is to say, to its view of its own interest. Undoubtedly its interest depends upon public opinion, but it is the most powerful agent in moulding public opinion. When, therefore, the Mayor and Mr. Dougherty arraigned it for abuses which pervert it into a public enemy, did they think to escape without reprisals? The spectacle is touching. . . . The press doubtless is a good deal of a sinner. But a high-minded and accomplished lawyer might wisely remind his brethren of the abuses of the legal profession which occasion what may seem to him the abuses of the newspapers. The public conviction of the general uprightness of the courts, and the quick instinct of the English-speaking races to defend the independence of the judiciary, may be trusted to restrain and condemn unjust assaults upon them. But when that public conviction and instinct are not outraged by assaults, but lend an ear inclined to believe—the time has come not to denounce the press, but to scrutinize the profession.—*Editor's Easy Chair, in Harper's Monthly.*

Notes

MR. ARNOLD'S address at the unveiling of the Milton window presented to St. Margaret's, Westminster, by Mr. George William Childs, will appear in the next number of *The Century*. It was delivered on Saturday, Feb. 18. A new edition of the April number of the magazine has been called for.

—'Contrast,' said Lord Granville at a dinner in London on the 18th inst.—'contrast the former state of things with the knowledge

now so generally possessed of the historical and poetical, the serious and light literature of the United States; our admiration for some of their artists; the position which clever American men and charming American women hold in London society, and the interest shown in the Constitution and institutions of the Great Republic.'

—Dr. Morgan Dix's recent series of Lenten lectures, one of which attracted unusual attention, are issued by E. & J. B. Young & Co. under the title of 'The Seven Deadly Sins.'

—A constant reader of *THE CRITIC*, sends us a communication endorsing 'A Woman's Protest' in our issue of April 14, against Miss Rives's 'The Quick and the Dead.' The letter is intended for publication; but we cannot print any communication unaccompanied by the writer's name—not necessarily designed for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.'

—A portrait of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, accompanied by an account of how the famous millionaire does his literary work amidst his many commercial engagements, appears in the *May Book Buyer*.

—At the dinner of the Congregational Club in this city last Monday evening, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, of *The Christian Union*, read an essay on 'Fiction as a Form of Art,' tracing the art and methods of fictitious narrative from Homer's day to Howells's. Mr. Richard W. Gilder, editor of *The Century*, spoke of 'The Development of Literature in the South.' Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation liberated not only the bodies of the blacks, he claimed, but the brains of their white masters.

—In its closing hours the Legislature of Iowa appropriated \$1000 for the care and preservation of the Aldrich Collection, in the State Library. This will insure the continual growth of this valuable collection of autographs, etc., which has been repeatedly noticed in these columns.

—To the few published works of the late Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock, Messrs. Scribner will soon add a volume entitled 'Eternal Atonement.'

—In a recent vote among the young readers of the *Philadelphia Times* as to the best book they had ever read, several thousand votes gave Mrs. Burnett's 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' first place, Miss Alcott's 'Little Women' second, and Mrs. Burnett's 'Sara Crewe' sixth.

—Mr. Robert Burns Wilson, the Southern poet, is visiting New York.

—Rowell's 'American Newspaper Directory,' now in its twentieth year, gives the number of newspapers in the United States and Canadas as 16,310—an increase of 890 within twelve months.

—Mayor O'Brien of Boston has nominated Mr. Robert Grant to succeed Col. Rockwell as Water Commissioner. Mr. Grant is a graduate of Harvard, and author of 'The Wallflower,' 'Little Tin Gods on Wheels,' 'The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl,' 'A Romantic Young Lady,' and 'Jack Hall,' a book for boys. His wife is a daughter of Sir Alex. T. Galt and granddaughter of John Galt, the Scottish author.

—Mme. Gerster's husband, Dr. Gardini, has published in Italy a work on the United States. It is in two volumes, with illustrations and maps. The order of the Crown of Italy has been conferred upon the author.

—Mr. Henry James was forty-five last Sunday. Mr. Howells has entered upon his fifty-second year.

—Prof. Frank H. Foster of Oberlin University has written a book which the Scribners have in hand for early publication, the purpose of which is to explain the German Seminary Method of original study in the historical sciences.

—Lieut. S. Millett Thompson has devoted years to a 'History of the Thirteenth Regiment of New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry,' of which he was an officer. It will be published soon by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; who announce also a new work by Rev. Dr. Geo. E. Ellis, President of the Massachusetts Historical Society—an octavo entitled 'The Puritan Age and Rule in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, 1629-1685.' The author's leading object is to do justice to the motives of the Puritans.

—A New England correspondent writes to us as follows:—'One of the most industrious of story-writing women, and probably the most successful living disciple of Mrs. Southworth, is Mrs. Robert R. Sharkey, of New Orleans and Taupipahoa, La., whose literary name is Mrs. E. Burke Collins. Mrs. Sharkey is a native of New York; but since her first marriage, early in life, she has lived in the South. I think she is now only 37 years old. She spends six hours of every secular day in writing, and has done so for seven years, the bulk of her production being serials and short stories, chiefly for New York weeklies. She earns nearly \$6000 a year.'

She is the only professional story-writer in the far South. She is a daughter-in-law of Mrs. Emily P. Collins, of Hartford, Conn., editorial writer and reformer, whose son, E. Burke Collins, a lawyer of Rochester, N. Y., was her first husband. Personally she is warm-hearted and impulsive, candid, vivacious, and hospitable. It is generally true of writers of the South school, that they are 'warm-hearted and impulsive, candid, vivacious, and hospitable.'

—Under the title of 'Philosophia Ultima,' Prof. Charles W. Shields has prepared Vol. I. of a new edition of his 'Final Philosophy,' largely rewritten in accordance with the results of the latest philosophical investigations.

—Senator Hoar, in his recent oration at the Marietta centennial, spoke of the Ordinance of 1787, by which the Northwest Territory was established, as 'one of the three title-deeds of American constitutional liberty.' 'It belongs,' he said, 'with the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution.' Yet how many Americans have read it? Those who have not may do so now, for the Directors of the Old South Studies have incorporated it in the new series of Old South Leaflets, published by D. C. Heath & Co.

—Sir Donald Smith, who some years ago gave \$120,000 for the purpose of endowing a faculty for the higher education of women in Montreal, now proposes to supplement that gift by a quarter of a million dollars; and an act to incorporate the Royal Victoria College will be asked for at this session of the Dominion Parliament. The special object of the last addition to the endowment fund is reported to be for the establishment of a preparatory school in Winnipeg, and at some other point or points in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day (Saturday) 'John Ward, Preacher,' a novel, by Margaret Deland; 'Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast,' collected by Chas. C. Jones, Jr.; 'A Midsummer Nights Dreame,' by Wm. Shakespeare, a variant edition, based upon the text of the First Folio, edited by Prof. Henry Johnson of Bowdoin; 'A Longfellow Night,' by Miss K. A. O'Keeffe—an extra number of the Riverside Literature Series; and 'Novels and Stories by Bret Harte,' in twelve volumes.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons add to their announcements 'Selections from Lessing's Prose,' edited by Prof. Horatio S. White, in their German Classics for American Students; 'The Tariff History of the United States, 1789-1888,' by Prof. F. W. Taussig; 'A Sketch of the Germanic Constitution from the Earliest Times to the Dissolution of the Kingdom in 1806,' by Samuel Epes Turner; 'The Present Condition of Economic Science and the Demand for a Radical Change in its Methods and Aims,' by Edward C. Lunt; and, following Mr. Bigelow's edition of Franklin's Works, a limited edition of the 'Correspondence and Diaries of Washington,' in twelve or thirteen volumes, edited by Worthington C. Ford.

—Mr. C. G. Leland has put in the publisher's hands a great portion of a collection of American colloquial expressions, newspaper peculiarities, current jokes on popular topics, fragments of songs used proverbially, etc., on a scale somewhat larger and of a character somewhat different from any other in any language. Contributions will be thankfully received, and duly acknowledged in the book. Mr. Leland once devoted a year of solid work (more than that, altogether) to compiling a book called 'The Origin of American Popular Phrases.' It went to a publisher, and the printing-office was burned, and he had no copy of his MS. But his collections since then have been immense. Another work which he has in press is one containing dictionaries (or vocabularies) of various 'jargons'—English-gypsy, the Jiddisch or German-Hebrew dialect, the tinker language (a Celtic tongue), and pidgin-English.

—The plans for this season's work on the Longfellow memorial garden at Cambridge have been arranged by Mr. C. H. Walker, the Boston architect. Mr. Eliot will still have charge of the landscape-gardening. Stone steps will be built up the slope to the Mt. Auburn Street level, and terraces will be formed. The view of the Charles from these terraces is one of the chief attractions of the place, and seats will be built so that it may be enjoyed. An iron gateway to be built at the end of the loop road will serve as the entrance to the garden proper.

—Mr. Ephraim George Squier, the antiquarian, died on Tuesday at the home of his brother, Frank Squier, in Brooklyn. He was born at Bethlehem, N. Y., on June 17, 1821. His father, a Methodist minister, is still living, at the age of ninety. In his early years Ephraim was a school teacher and engineer. In 1841 he became editor of *The Mechanic*, published in Albany, in 1843 of the *Hartford Journal*, and in the following year of the *Scioto Gazette*, in Ohio. He became interested in the remains of the mound-builders in Scioto Valley, and explored these and the mounds in the Mississippi Valley. The results of his studies were embodied in the first volume of the 'Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge.' He

studied also the antiquities in New York and Connecticut. In 1849 he was appointed Chargé d'Affaires in Guatemala and the other Central American States. The result of his extensive antiquarian researches while in Nicaragua was a volume entitled 'Nicaragua, its People, Scenery, Antiquities, Monuments and the Proposed Inter-oceanic Canal.' President Lincoln appointed Mr. Squier on the commission to visit Peru to settle the questions in dispute relating to guano and silver. After this he spent two years in studying Peruvian antiquities; and in 1876 he published his last work—'Peru.'

—Mr. W. E. Henley's forthcoming book of poems will be printed by T. & A. Constable of Edinburgh, and published by Alfred Nutt of London. Its title will be 'A Book of Verses.' Mr. Holl has etched for it a vignette of the Old Infirmary, Edinburgh, which is now a thing of the past. The volume will consist of three sections: (1) 'In Hospital: Rhymes and Rhythms,' some eight-and-twenty sonnets and sets of blank-verse referring to the poet's prolonged sojourn in the Infirmary; (2) 'Life and Death (Echoes),' about forty lyrics, most of them very short; and (3) 'Bric-à-Brac,' a selection of ballades, rondeaux, sonnets and rondels. Most of the contents date from a dozen or ten years back, the proportion of new matter being very small.

—Ticknor & Co. publish to-day (Saturday) 'The Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport,' by John Boyle O'Reilly; 'An Unclosed Skeleton,' by Lucretia P. Hale and Edwin Lassetter Bynner; 'The Laws of Euchre,' as Adopted by the Somerset Club of Boston, by H. C. Leeds and James Dwight; 'Len Gansett,' by Opie P. Read, editor of *The Arkansaw Traveler*; 'Atalanta's Race, and Other Tales from "The Earthly Paradise,'" by William Morris, edited by Oscar Fay Adams and Dr. Wm. J. Rolfe; and a new edition of Shakespeare's *England*, by William Winter.

—Tennyson's name is to be given, says *The Pall Mall Gazette*, to a new settlement about to be formed in the Cape Colony. The families intending to emigrate are about twenty-five in number, who have all hitherto resided in Hampshire. They will occupy land in the Queenstown district of the colony. Every care seems to have been taken to insure the selection of suitable persons.

—Pope was born on the 21st of May, 1688, and this interesting anniversary is to be fittingly noticed in *Scribner's* for May by a charming prose essay, and a sympathetically critical estimate in verse, written in the manner of Pope, by Austin Dobson. The instalments of F. J. Stimson's serial, 'First Harvests,' in this magazine have so far followed the course of the seasons, and in the May number there will be a description of life, in the springtime, at a home on the Hudson. A coaching-trip from the Hudson to Lenox, Mass., will be described in an early number.

—*Wide Awake* for May publishes the Madison chapter of its 'Children of the White House' series, with four portraits of Mistress Dolly Madison, three of them miniatures never before engraved; one of these at twenty-two, in a Quaker dress. Among the books announced by D. Lothrop Co. are 'Tilting at Windmills: a Story of the Blue Grass Country,' 'My Wonder Story: A Child's Physiology,' and 'An Ocean Tramp.'

—A public meeting in behalf of the Egypt Exploration Fund was called for Thursday evening of this week in the Chapel of Emmanuel Church, Boston.

—In its department of Exteriors and Interiors, the April *American Bookmaker* has a readable column on the 'The on Title-Pages.' The writer objects to them. To print *THE* and *CRITIC* in type of the same size, he contends, is to treat 'host and parasite' with equal courtesy. One is surprised to find how much there is to be said on a subject of apparently so little consequence.

—The publishers of the projected American Notes and Queries are undoubtedly right in thinking that 'a feature which will undoubtedly add to the interest of the publication will be a series of 250 prize questions,' for answers to which money prizes will be distributed as follows: \$500 to the best, \$250 to the second best, \$125 to the third best, \$75 to the fourth best, and \$50 to the fifth best. The subscription price will be \$3.00 per annum, and the address is 619 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

—There died at Louisville, Kentucky, on the 12th ult., writes a correspondent in *The Athenaeum* of April 7, 'Mrs. Ella Keats Peay, a niece of John Keats. She had just returned home from a public concert when she was struck down with paralysis and immediately expired. It is said she was a beautiful, amiable, and accomplished woman, and with the exception of her brother John, at present a prosperous farmer in De Kalb county, state of Missouri, was the last child of George Keats, the poet's younger brother. Her sister, Mrs. Emma Keats Speed, died in the same sudden manner four years ago.'

—Mr. John R. G. Hassard, for many years chief editorial writer and musical critic of *The New York Tribune*, died in this city, on Wednesday, of consumption, after long years of invalidism. He was the author of a Life of Archbishop Hughes and 'A Pickwickian Pilgrimage'—a charming book of travels in England. Of his work and personality *The Evening Post* well says:

All his work was, in brief, like himself—full of gentleness, dignity, and sweetness. He put his personality into all that he did. He was a very keen observer, had a delightful sense of humor, and a quick insight into the motives and conduct of his fellowmen, yet he never said a word or wrote a line which carried pain or left a wound. He was as full of charity and helpfulness for others as he was absolutely lacking in the quality of selfishness. It was a life-long habit with him never to speak of his own work or his own feelings. From the beginning to the end of his long illness not one word of impatience or of complaint escaped him. A more unselfish, generous, noble soul never lived. No man ever knew him but to become his friend, and in all the world he had no enemy. He was a true man, a faithful friend, a good workman, a devout Christian, and the world, which is better because he lived in it, is poorer today, as it always is when such a spirit departs from it.

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

ANSWERS.

No. 1325.—F. E. Smedley's account of a Derby Day will be found in 'Lewis Arundel.' Smedley was not a cripple: he was only hopelessly deformed. His knowledge of the scene was not derived from second-hand sources, but from personal knowledge. For an invalid he saw a great deal of life. I may add that I write from personal knowledge of himself and his family, two branches of which were my school-fellows in Scotland and England.

BRUNSWICK, GEORGIA.

ED. R.

No. 1328.—You quote Simrock's modern-German version of the *Niebelungen Lied* (Scribner & Welford) at \$22. I have a very pretty copy of the work, obtained through Carl Schoenhof, of Boston, for \$2.25.

DUBUQUE, IOWA.

F. W. P.

No. 1330.—The story was called 'The Frenchman and His Dog,' and was printed, I think, in 'Wilson's Fourth Reader.' I remember it especially well, because at school I was always sure to get a low mark when called upon to read it; for to get through a dozen lines of any part of it without breaking down was beyond me. I hope that some other boy, who could also fight and play 'shinny' and marbles for 'keeps,' and didn't care for Sunday-school, was as soft-hearted over that piece as I was. In vain the teacher told me it was 'fiction—not true, but showing forth a truth.' In vain did the boys jibe and the girls titter. The tears world come: my mouth would grow awry in spite of all I could do to make the corners turn up as though I were laughing, and thought it

funny; the teacher would frown; and I would sit down in disgrace. I don't know who the author was.

NEW YORK CITY.

[G., New York, and J. R. C., Nashville, Tenn., also think the story appeared in Wilson's Third or Fourth Reader. E. C., of Indianapolis, says that it may be found in prose, in 'Appleton's Third Reader,' without any author's name. E. L. S., Washington, D. C., has a copy of 'The Children's Picture-Book of the Sagacity of Animals,' Harper & Bros., 1865, which contains it. J. J. B., Lake Forest, Ill., says 'The story can be found in Goldsmith's account of the Dog in his "Natural History," a compilation from Buffon.' J. H. D., Matteawan, N. Y., used to read it in 'The National Preceptor,' a first-class reader used in New England district schools thirty or forty years ago.]

No. 1335.—1 and 2. 'Urania: a Rhymed Letter,' a poem read by Dr. O. W. Holmes before one of the Societies of Harvard over forty years ago. 3. 'The Cry of the Human,' by Mrs. Browning. 6. York's last words, Shakespeare's 'Henry VI,' Part III, Act I, Scene 4.

NEW YORK.

W. H. B.

Publications Received.

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Atkinson, W. P. <i>The Study of Politics</i>	Boston: Roberts Bros.
Ballard, H. W. <i>Three Kingdoms</i> , 75c.....	The Writers' Pub. Co.
Balzac (de), H. <i>Modeste Mignon</i> , \$1.50.....	Boston: Roberts Bros.
Bates, J. W. <i>A Blind Lead</i> , \$1.25.....	Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Beecher, W. C., and Scoville, S. <i>A Biography of Henry Ward Beecher</i> , Chas. L. Webster & Co.	Macmillan & Co.
Brooke, S. A. <i>Poems</i> , \$1.75.....	Macmillan & Co.
Brown, R. <i>Roman Literature</i> , 34c.....	Macmillan & Co.
Chapman, E. R. <i>A Companion to "In Memoriam"</i> , 75c.....	Macmillan & Co.
Church, R. W. <i>Dante</i> , \$1.50.....	Macmillan & Co.
Cossa, Luigi. <i>Taxation</i> , 31c.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Creighton, M. <i>Cardinal Wolsey</i> , 60c.....	Macmillan & Co.
Custer, E. B. <i>Tenting on the Plains</i> , 50c.....	Chas. L. Webster & Co.
Dix, Morgan. <i>The Seven Deadly Sins</i> , 50c.....	E. & J. B. Young & Co.
Drummond, J. <i>Philis Judeus</i> , 2 vols., 50c.....	London: Williams & Norgate.
Foster, D. S. <i>Rebecca the Witch</i> , \$1.25.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
<i>Good Form</i> in England, 51c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Gordon, A. E., and Page, T. N. <i>"Befo' de War"</i> , \$1.....	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Gossip, G. H. D. <i>The Chess-Player's Manual</i> , \$3.....	Geo. Routledge & Sons.
Hedge, F. H., and Martin Luther, \$2.....	Boston: Roberts Bros.
Hedge, F. H., and Wister, A. L. <i>Metrical Translations, and Poems</i> , \$1.....	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Holmes, O. W. <i>Before the Curfew</i> , \$1.....	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Irving, J. T. <i>Indian Sketches</i> , \$1.50.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Le Conte, J. <i>Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought</i> , \$1.50.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Marsh C. C. <i>Life and Letters of Geo. P. Marsh</i> , Vol. I, \$3.50.....	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Meredith, Geo. <i>The Ordeal of Richard Feverel</i> , \$1.50.....	Boston: Roberts Bros.
Philosophical Papers, University of Michigan, \$1.....	Ann Arbor: Andrews & Co.
Robinson, E. G. <i>Principles and Practice of Morality</i> , \$1.50.....	Boston: Silver, Rogers & Co.
Schober, H. <i>Picked up in the Street</i> , \$1.25.....	Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Shakespeare, Wm. <i>Much Ado about Nothing</i> , 10c.....	Cassell & Co.
Smart, H. <i>A False Start</i> , 50c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Tanner, T. H. <i>Memoranda on Poisons</i> , 75c.....	Phila.: P. Blaikiston, Son & Co.
Timsol, R. <i>A Pessimist</i> , 50c.....	John B. Alden.
Vesceulus-Sheldon, Louise. <i>Yankee Girls in Zulu-Land</i> , 50c.....	Worthington Co.
Walworth, C. A. <i>Andiatorocé</i> , \$1.50.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Watson, H. B. M. <i>Marahuna</i> , \$1.25.....	Longmans, Green & Co.
White, Gleeson. <i>Ballads and Romances</i> , \$1.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Wright, J. M. <i>Nature Readers</i> , \$1.....	Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

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